2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

they believed, in truth, it was a living spirit in a silver body. 727

When I recounted all that had occurred since we last separated—my refusal to wind it—my obstinacy in resisting their commands, and my attack upon the Indian when unbound, he became still more convinced. The fact they had pursued such a course towards me, which they had not towards him, was perfect evidence in his mind they intended to naturalize me, and that, so long, at least, as the watch remained in order, I need not fear death at their hands. But he advised me, by all means, to pursue an entirely different course from that lately adopted; on the contrary, to leave no effort untried to initiate myself into their favor—to cultivate their good will—to yield submission in all things, and to deceive them, if possible, into the belief that I preferred to dwell with them rather than with my own people. By pursuing this course, he represented the time would come at last when their vigilance would relax, and an opportunity of escaping safely from them would occur. We conversed of many things, past, present, and to come, losing not a moment of the precious hour. At its close, he was ordered by the guard to leave. Charging me, if ever I escaped, to communicate the intelligence of his misfortunes to his friend, Antonio Ferandez, of Corpus Christi, he bade me a sorrowful *adieu*, and passed out of the tent. I have never seen or heard of him since.

Soon after this, early one morning, I discovered the 484 ● squaws busily engaged taking down the tents. One after 462 another the dingy white cones came down until the whole village looked as if some sudden tempest had laid it in ruins. Every canvas, buffalo mattress, and blanket was then rolled up, the cooking kettles and the tent poles collected, and all packed firmly on the backs of a crowd of mules [492] collected in the square. It was a busy and laborious scene,

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

484 requiring much strength to elevate some of the packages
462 to their place, yet it was all performed by women.

462 The Comanche Indian in his village is the idlest, laziest being in existence, a sluggard and a glutton. His sole and only pursuits are war and hunting. His wife, besides attending to the domestic duties of the tent, plants his corn and reaps it, cultivates his tobacco, tans his buffalo hides—in fine, performs wholly, without the remotest aid from him, every particle and kind of labor, which, among civilized beings, devolves upon the husband. So now, while the women toiled and strained and lifted, the men moped stupidly around, smoking their pipes, or lolled upon the ground.

727 Everything in readiness, I was once more blindfolded,
484 mounted, and tied, when the entire town, not only its men,
492 women, and children, but its furniture, its tents, its public and private buildings, all moved off on the backs of mules and horses. There was not left one stone upon another of that city.

727 Fortunately, the mule upon which I rode was led, so that I escaped the annoyance that befell me, under similar circumstances, on a previous occasion. Being deprived of the use of my eyes on the journey, except when we encamped at night, I cannot give a description of the country over which we passed, further than to say we crossed over many mountains, and that it seemed to me a wild and barren
[805] region. At the end of three days, or three "sleeps," as a Comanche would express it, we reached the end of the journey. Here I found myself in a small village, of not more than twenty or thirty tents, inhabited by what appeared to be a portion of Big Wolf's tribe, on the bank of a considerable river that flowed to the southwest, and in a valley much larger than any I have before described.

224 into a still wider prairie—and there, at a watering place, pitched our camp. Here we remained two months, meeting with unanticipated success. Thousands and thousands of buffalo, in immense droves, were roving over the plain, and it was an easy task to obtain as many hides as the mules could carry home.

484 574 622 [551] On the return, which was by a different route from that we came, we fell in with a party of two or three hundred, a friendly tribe, who accompanied us back to the camp. Their chief was Kan-sa-le-um-ko, the Rolling Thunder. He was agreeable, though sedate—a compound of benign dignity and solemnity—a chief who plainly preferred falling on his face before the prophet, in the time of the new moon, to dancing the war dance with the warriors.

574 The Rolling Thunder and his tribe remained with us a week, and it was, indeed, a week of carnival and merriment. First of all was the war dance, and then followed the solemn discourses of Che-ra-se-chick-a-lo, the prophet, and after them came the ring dance and the pipe dance, and the feast of the roasted dog. During these entertainments, the good Kianceta and myself played a conspicuous part in the exhibition of the watch. As on all former occasions, it captivated the simple children of nature, and particularly the [622] Rolling Thunder, whose reverent temperament led him to refer all mysteries, whether great or small, to the wonder-working power of the Great Spirit.

574 727 Soon after the departure of Rolling Thunder and his people came another large party and pitched their hunting tents on the bank of the stream, outside the town. The day following their arrival, I observed our warriors, belted, and decorated with trinkets and scalps, moving towards their encampment. Something unusual, I felt confident, was about to take place. Distant but a quarter of a mile, I

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

XIV

Another bargain and sale—Arrival at the village of Rolling Thunder—Uniformity of Indian villages—Euphonious names of Rolling Thunder's wives—Renewal of the covenant of the square stick—The wisest of the wise—Married to To-ma-no-a-ku-no, the Sleek Otter—The Indian duel—Visit to the ruins—Volcanic eruptions—Ancient architecture—The Indian legend—Mounds on the tablelands—Departure for the Grand Council—Incidents by the way—The tragical death of Rolling Thunder.

727 The Rolling Thunder was a frequent visitor at our camp, subsequent to the time when he and his tribe accompanied us home from the buffalo hunt. He exhibited a regard for me, and would often fall into a profound revery, when Kianceta, the Weasel, had presented me the watch, and I had caused it to communicate intelligence from the Great Spirit in the usual, rattling offhand manner in which it was accustomed to converse. His interviews with the Spotted Leopard became so long, and, to all appearances, of such vast importance that I had no doubt I was to be subjected to another sale and assignment.

My surmises proved to be entirely correct. Just previous to the time when preparations are made for the annual [361 484] buffalo hunt, the Spotted Leopard and some of his distinguished warriors, Kianceta, and his other wives, with myself and a considerable drove of pack mules, set off over the mountains in all respect similar to those I had pre-

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
NO6 Comanche NO6

viously crossed, and after a journey of several days, at length entered a large town of, perhaps, two hundred tents, situated in a narrow, but luxuriant valley, over which the thoughtful and sedate Rolling Thunder had the honor to preside. On our arrival, the customary dances were duly performed—the bloody covenant of the square stick was solemnly renewed—the purchase money, consisting of skins and animals, was delivered in due form of savage law—and Kianceta, the Weasel, having braided into my long hair an incredible number of beads, as a parting token of friendship and affection, the Spotted Leopard, followed by his attendants, disappeared from my sight, thank God, forever.

The price paid for me on this occasion, so far as I could judge, exceeded even the price paid on the former sale; my value, in connection with the watch, bearing somewhat the same proportion to that of other, less fortunate captives, as the value of such trotting celebrities as "Ethan Allen," "Flora Temple," and "The Spirit of the Times" does in that of ordinary nags.

A description of one Indian village is, substantially, a description of all others. The same fashion of tents, the same regularity of streets, the same square in the center, characterize them all. The village of Rolling Thunder was situated in a more contracted valley than that of Big Wolf's or the Spotted Leopard's; in other respects it was the same. He had not neglected to take advantage of the privilege apertaining to his patriarchal office; consequently, he, likewise, had gathered into his tents four conjugal companions, whose euphonical names I here mention in the order of their ages. They were *So-waw*, *An-a-wak-ke-o*, *Ho-wawk-ke-no*, and *Se-ma-naw*, the Wise. The latter took charge of the watch, preserving it with all the care and tenderness that had distinguished her illustrious predecessors, Moko and Kianceta, the Weasel.

Visit to the Ruins

The battle lasted but a moment, the bright blades, in 578
the meantime, glittering and glimmering in the sun, and the contestants instantly presenting the appearance of men suddenly overtaken by a storm of blood. At length, a mortal thrust by one was followed by a fierce blow from the other, gashing through the side of the neck, from which the purple tide of life spouted up in a high wide arch, when both fell lifeless to the ground.

Had either survived the conflict, according to their code of honor, it would have been the duty of his brother to have put him immediately to death. Throughout the exciting scene not the slightest partiality was exhibited. The faintest shadow of emotion could not be detected upon the countenances of the savage stoics as they gazed upon it. They were stretched side by side on the spot where they had fallen—buried in the customary manner—and left to rest together in peace, at last.

The week succeeding this tragedy, a party of ten or 484 •
twelve, including the Rolling Thunder and myself, started 224
on a long journey, its object being to ascertain whether the buffalo droves had changed their feeding grounds, before the warriors set out on their annual hunt. In the course of this trip we crossed a valley, the singular appearance of which has very frequently since been the subject of study and reflection.

On the summit of many of the mountains we passed, 172
were broad, level tablelands, destitute of a solitary tree, and covered with rank grass. Upon every one of these elevated plains was to be seen a mound, in most instances in the form of a half-circle, resembling the overgrown ruins of an ancient fortress, and plainly the work of human hands.

Finally we descended into a ravine, walled on either 133
side by rugged cliffs which led us a day's ride to the south-

Comanchería

Comanches and their Kiowa allies preferred to camp near a running stream in open timber. Along meandering creek valleys toward the headwaters of larger streams, where there were adequate canyons, arroyos, and breaks for protection, abundant grass for the large horse herds, ample buffalo and antelope for food, wood for the campfires, and sweet water for drinking, were to be found the Comanche villages. A large camp sometimes extended several miles along a stream or forest edge. A Comanche village which lay east of the Wichita Mountains in 1834 is reported to have extended along Cache Creek from Medicine Bluff north to Chandler Creek and southward to Wolf Creek, a distance of fifteen miles.[20]

Within the camp itself there appears to have been no required plan. If the terrain was favorable, the lodges might be grouped in a rough circular fashion about the lodge of the chief. In another village, the lodges might appear to follow a rectangular plan. There were usually as many groups of lodges as there were leaders, the lodges of the most important men being located nearest that of the leader.[21] There was no privacy in the camp, for neighbors entered and left a tipi at will. While busy wives performed their daily tasks of preparing food, tanning hides, and making tipis and clothes, the men spent their time discussing matters of general import, raiding, hunting, making weapons, or simply idling the hours away at sleep or play, and the children shouted at play or assisted their mothers with their work. In the evenings or on any unusual occasion, the whole camp gave vent to joy or sorrow, anger or enthusiasm, by positive, and at times noisy and colorful, demonstrations. Innumerable lanky, ferocious dogs greeted the approaching stranger by day or gave forth in unison to warn their masters of danger by night.

But what had been a noisy camp could become within a few minutes a lonely prairie with little evidence of previous habitation. On the day before the move, the camp crier rode through the camp making the announcement and describing the new location. The next morning the women were in a hurry to pack and be on their way, for those who were first might obtain choice sites in the new camp. One end

[20] W. S. Nye, *Carbine and Lance: The Story of Old Fort Sill*, 7.

[21] T. A. ("Dot") Babb, *In the Bosom of the Comanches*, 106–107; Nelson Lee, *Three Years among the Camanches*, 127–28; George Catlin, *North American Indians*, II, 72; C. C. Rister, *Border Captives*, 16.

The Comanches

484 One end
492 of a tipi pole was tied on each side of a horse or a mule and the other end allowed to drag. This formed the travois on which the family belongings were piled until it was hardly possible to see the back of the animal bearing the burden. Children too large to be carried on their mothers' backs but too small to ride alone were tied on some old horse to be led or herded along with the procession. As an improvised [758] ambulance for the wounded or ill, a buffalo skin was stretched between the poles of the travois, forming a sort of bed upon which the invalid was fastened for the journey. It frequently happened that some of the pack animals became frightened and scattered their burdens for miles over the prairie. Men and boys divided their time along the route between hunting and driving the remuda as they moved across a land they claimed as their own—Comanchería.

10:Horn T-3 (1836-1837) 1955
NO6 Comanche NO6

[P.188]

[54]

A Brief Account of the Manners and Customs of the Camanche Indians

[101] The Camanches are a wandering nation of Indians of whom there appears to be but little generally known. They consist of, as near as I could learn, two tribes, that speak the same language, and who, with several other tribes, with whom I did not become acquainted, inhabit the [131] extensive territory stretching from the northern boundary of Texas to the Rocky Mountains, and in the extent of which Nature seems generally to have adapted her supplies to the comparatively few wants of the children of the forest, who exist upon [484] her bounty. Indeed, one would suppose, that a tenth part of the toil they endure, in the long and [81] fatiguing marches they are almost continually making, rationally applied, with the facilities of the country they inhabit, would afford them four times the amount of the good things of this life that they now enjoy; but with such kind of estimates, they seem to have no concern. They are a hardy race, and endure the toil and privations, which their unsettled and wandering life exposes

20: Wallace H-4,5 (1945) 1953 NO6 Comanche NO6

When he heard of the move and the plan, Horseback, a Comanche Chief of distinction, complained that he did "not think the agent has good sense."[21] Horseback's judgment was sound. The Comanches, wanting neither to farm nor to live among the Kiowas, refused to congregate near the new agency site. Since they refused to move near the agency, they were left largely to their wits. Their grass-fed teams were too small and too weak to break the tough prairie sod near Fort Sill. As a result, they made very little progress in agricultural pursuits until after the reservation had been opened to white settlement and a younger generation had learned something of farming and stock-raising in school.

Agent Hunt realized the futility of attempting to make farmers of the Comanches and advocated that they be made stock-raisers, but he made little progress in his efforts and successive agents adhered to the policy of making farmers of them. During the years preceding the innovation of grass leasing, a few Comanches were persuaded to take up farming to better their economic condition. When Agent Day collected grass-lease rentals, he used part of the money to encourage farming. Agent Day reported that in 1892 the Indians of the reservation cultivated 5,000 acres and the agency an additional 500; that of the 800 acres of sod broken during the year, all but 60 had been broken by the Indians; that the 3,782 Indians on the reservation owned 10,000 horses, 300 mules, 25,000 cattle, 3,000 swine, and 75 sheep and goats; and that agricultural products marketed by the Indians during the year amounted to $3,550.25.[22] The accuracy of the agent's statistics is subject to question. Some of the livestock probably belonged to white ranchers who were clever enough to get free grass on the reservation. In 1910 the agent estimated that two per cent of the Indian population were stockmen, each owning from 10 to 50 head of cattle. At the same time he reported that there were some 600 Indian farmers on the reservation, approximately 15 per cent of the

21. Nye, op. cit., 226.
22. Day, op. cit.

/page 31 continued/

course, /32/ some members living further away and many of the younger people between thirty and twenty years old are either away at school or off on relocation. Nevertheless, the homesteads remain in definable clusters. The Comanches seem to be more dispersed by comparison. This would seem to be the case even in those instances when the original homestead of 1901 was adjacent to the allotments and homes of the other family members. People frequently move to purchased allotments. This impression may be due to coincidence in the few samples I have but there is some verification for my impression from the Wermeys who run the Indian Arts and Crafts Cooperative in Anadarko. According to them the Comanches are far more scattered and more difficult to locate than the other tribes in the area with whom they deal. Although both the Kiowas and Comanches took allotments on the sites where they were camped at the time the law was passed (coincident with band affiliation) the Comanches seem to have broken up this pattern more than the Kiowas or the other tribes further to the north. Perhaps the original band affiliations were less cohesive due to their comparatively large size. In spite of the fact that more mapping may be done it will be virtually impossible to get enough typical samples to tell the true story. The same problem rears its ugly head in respect to the actions of the younger generation. We have no simple means by which to determine the extent and nature of the dispersion of the younger generation. Although the relocation program does not appear to be having significant results other factors (see first report) seem to be moving many of the young people into towns.

As much as the settlement patterns may be changing, effects that such changes have, or may have, upon the kinship organizations are interfered with to some extent by the increased mobility offered by the automobile and the constantly improving road network. This mobility gives the dispersed extended family more opportunity to keep up contact via frequent visits by auto. But here again it is virtually impossible for the single investigator to gather sufficient data.

30: Levy E-5 (ca. 1957) 1958 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma
Kiowa NQ15

/page 32 continued/

C K 484 Within a small peyote group will exist enormous differences in distance to be travelled. Two cars in a family will frequently distort the picture. The occupation of an individual will to a great extent determine the amount of travel time available regardless of the amount of interest in visiting, peyote, or pan-Indian affairs in general. Also, individuals who must commute long distances to a steady job will rack up high speedometer readings without spending much time visiting, etc. In fact, I have even observed some Comanches with widely dispersed kin and friends spending more time visiting than many Kiowas whole families live within a two mile radius. In spite of this, I still feel that the travel pattern of the Comanches and Kiowa is considerably different from that of the neighboring whites. Just how it can be measured or accurately described, however, I do not know.

C K 601 829 177 602 Turning now to the kinship organization, it is safe to say that the same complexity due to individual variations is to be found. Moreover, the attitudes toward change color the data given by informants. In this way the father of a family that has kept its kinship patterns (relatively speaking) may be convinced that the old system has disappeared entirely. The converse may also be the case.

C K [562] [191] The concept of the ideal pattern has been preserved by all the /33/ older people I have met, Kiowa, Comanche; mixed bloods, Christians and Peyotists. The pattern does not seem to be directly affected by inte-marriages except insofar as the mixed marriage may change the dominant language of the family. The actual behavior

C K 601 177 602 [161] 582 588 684 patterns are changing in many respects. One of the chief factors is the small size of the tribe (Comanche in this instance) which has forced marriages to occur within the exogamous group to an extent. Strictly tabu marriage have occurred both among the Kiowas and Comanches but these are still recognized as wrong and the participants are stigmatized. The sanctions are not as sever as the traditional ones, however.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

Some years later Sanapia married again, and many of my informants say that it was at this time that Sanapia abruptly ceased the behavior which had caused her so much notoriety. This was also the period during which Sanapia earnestly began her career as a doctor. Every account of cases which Sanapia treated stems from a time no later than 1945.

Sanapia and her present spouse have traveled extensively in the western United States. Their route always corresponds to areas of Indian population density. In the following, Sanapia recounts her first excursion to Wyoming.

> We went to New Mexico and to Las Vegas. We went over there. We just went, you know. We don't know where we going but we just went that way. Came to Navajos, Pueblos, and we visit among them and we stop at Las Vegas. Mind you, at that time I sure like to gamble. And so I went over there and start gambling. J——— [Sanapia's husband] said, "You better quit. We long way from home." And I just said, "As long as we stay here I'm going to gamble. If we lose anything, I win it back." Wanted him to get me some money. And so we stayed about ten days and then we went on. We went to Wyoming. They, the Shoshones, live in a reservation at Fort Washington, north from Lander, . . . town of that name, I think. Maybe something else. They live close together to one another, you know, not like us. We live so many miles from each other. They don't work, they don't do nothing. Just all day long they drum and sing and dance and every day something is going on and gambling is the biggest part of it. Well, when we first got over to Wyoming, that afternoon, we ask where are the Shoshone peoples. We was right there among them and we didn't even know it. We went into a big building, you know . . . it was their community building or something like a club or something like that. We went in. It was full of Indians. They was sitting around in groups around the floor. And there was blankets and they was sitting on it. And then we stand there and look at them and they was gambling . . . playing Mexican monte. And so I wanted to find out what my grandmather had told me so I went up and listen and when they talk about us. We didn't talk. We just be standing there. And they said "These are some kind of Indians, maybe Mexicans. They sure look like Mexicans." They said that. And we said, "We not Mexicans," . . . in Indian. And they look at one another and said, "Do you all talk like us?" and we said, "Yeah, we talk like you all." I said, "We your ancestors. That where we come from." So that evening they invite us to their homes . . . this whole group of people and that night we have group of Indians there. They were all talking to us . . . finding out where we live and where we come from and all that. And I told them, "You are the people that my grandmother told me about." And I told them about that big sickness what the Indians caught, and then I said, "You all got that and then you scattered. You belong to our tribe. That's what my grandmother told me." And they were surprised, you know.

Training to Become a Doctor

Sanapia recalls the four years of training to become a doctor as the most important years of her life. It is to those years that Sanapia owes the prestige which she enjoys today among the northern Comanches. As a doctor, she holds a status in her society equal to a man. She is at the zenith of traditionally defined prestige and social power acquirable by a woman in Comanche society.

The first phase of Sanapia's training began in the summer before her last

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

About the time we were wondering what we would do with ourselves during the long day in front of us, the Indians began to arrive in their little canvas-covered wagons.

The first two or three dozen wagons used up all the hitchracks in the little town. By noon there must have been 150 of the little miniature prairie schooners parked around the group of buildings that was our town. When the hitchracks were filled, the later arrivals pulled up out on the grass, unhitched, and tied the horses to the rear wheels of the wagons.

These were not our Indians. These were Comanches from the west and north, along the south side of the Wichita Mountains. All of them were in at least the second day of their journey. They were on their way to an ancient tribal gathering place, across the Red River in Texas. Bands of Comanches had been using this gathering place since before there were white men in North Texas.

Apparently they had arranged to rendezvous at our little settlement, the last trading place on their trail, and make the rest of their journey together. In a little over two miles they would enter the Pasture Reserve, and it would be two more days' journey to the river. The ancient gathering place was on land controlled by the Burnett Ranch. The Burnetts, who had a history of getting along with the Comanches, encouraged the Indians to continue gathering there for their tribal powwows.

Just as there had been a shortage of hitchracks, soon there was a shortage of floor space in the store. For hours the only unoccupied floor was behind the counters. Of course the focal point for everyone—men, squaws, and children—was the stove. After slightly more than sixty years, I still have no desire to describe the scent of all those damp bodies crowded together, mingled with the steam rising from the clothing of those fortunate enough to get within the radius of the stove's heat.

I never knew when our Indians, that is to say the Indians living in our trade territory, joined these strange Comanches. They may even have started the day before. During the several hours these Indians were in town, I saw but an occasional face I had seen before. They were laying in a food supply to last during the time of their gathering, and as a result, by the time we had their wants appeased, our staple groceries were exhausted.

Owing to the inclement weather, they likewise stripped us of